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VOL. XLV.

No. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENTES
Canitium Sonores, inseparabile PATRES."

APRIL, 1880.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

On Sale at Goffree's,

TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

MDCCLXXX.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fifth Volume with the number for October, 1879. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLV.

APRIL, 1880.

No. 7.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '81.

PHILIP G. BARTLETT,

JOHN C. COLEMAN,

JOSEPH D. BURRELL,

SHERMAN EVARTS,

ADRIAN S. VAN DE GRAAFF.

THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.*

JUST over the "sleeping giant" yonder, in what was then a little hamlet colony of Farmington, began the life of Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," and in the same place, now grown to be a flourishing young city, it ended, worn out with years of world-wide labor. It was not a brilliant life, hardly in ordinary phrase a great life; scarcely did a single ray of romance fall across its brambled, rugged path; and yet in a rare nobility of purpose it passes the stature of greatness, in its unselfish devotion to philanthropy it rises to the region of the holies, through its sturdy, practical, unyielding energy run the sinews of a hero. In the midst of our studies here of the great men of history, the brilliant men of literature, the wise men of science, we shall lose nothing by turning our sight for a moment beyond these northern hills and reading the lessons of a nobly active life.

Step then into the dingy little smithy and see in the young apprentice, begrimed with the soil of honest labor,

* Life and Labors of Elihu Burritt, edited by Chas. Northend, A.M. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Burritt in his boyhood—"the father of the man." Perhaps it was there, bending over the anvil and hammering away at the stubborn metal, that he learned the great lesson of his life, energetic perseverance. There at any rate it was that he began the hard task of self-education, and in the sooty workshop acquired the better part of that wide-spread learning which afterward made him famous. We who have our learning meted out to us so mildly and attractively and yet are all the time grumbling about it, will wonder perhaps at the sight. The recreation of this boy-blacksmith was a Greek grammar and a Hebrew lexicon. His tired hands laid down the heavy forging tools only to take up the implements of a more taxing labor. His will was a hard task-master; even at his work it kept him busy with mental exercises. As his body swung slowly up and down with the creaking bellows, the knitted brows are at work on some such problem as this: "How many yards of cloth three feet in width, cut into strips an inch wide and allowing half an inch for the lap, would it take to reach around the earth at the equator," and to the ring of the hammer his lips keep time with *λέγω*, *λέγεις*, *λέγεται*. At twenty-one he left the forge and came down here to New Haven to study. His scanty earnings were far too small to pay the college tuition, but with a really child-like simplicity he tells us that he hoped for good influences from the very atmosphere of scholarship in the town. From some mean little inn where he put up, he writes: "At about half past four I arose and studied German till breakfast. When the other boarders had gone I sat down to Homer's Iliad without a note or comment and with only a Greek-and-Latin lexicon. * * * The proudest moment of my life was when I had first gained the full meaning of the first fifteen lines of that noble work." Three months he stayed here and breathed the scholastic air and in that time "read nearly the whole of the Iliad and made considerable progress in French, Italian, German and Spanish." And then back to his hard work at the forge again,

but his books had he always with him. It is a fine picture, that of the earnest young man bending faithfully to his labor, but his eyes bright with a rare intelligence, his lips moving to the melody of Homer's verse. A snatch or two from his diary at the time fill out the picture of his industry: "Monday, June 18—Headache; forty pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth; sixty-four pages French; eleven hours forging. June 19—Sixty lines Hebrew; thirty pages French; ten pages Cuvier's Theory; eight lines Syriac; ten lines Danish; ten ditto Bohemian; nine ditto Polish; fifteen names of stars; ten hours forging." And so he went on till he had mastered to a greater or less degree more than thirty languages. I know of no more wonderful example of self-help, of the power of the mind to trample on its environment.

But the eternal economy of Nature had reserved a greater work for Burritt's powers than the study of tongues. It was not long before the country laborer laid down his hammer on the anvil, folded away his leathern apron, put aside even the worn old books he loved so well, and went out to further his new mission in the courts of Europe! The struggles of his boyhood and early life are more interesting to a student and more wonderful in their results, but the struggles of his later life were for far grander ends, and if less immediately successful yet they have started a wave in the tide of civilization which will one day sweep around the world. Burritt was a born reformer; wherever he met with evil he sought to remedy it, whether in the starving hovels of famine-stricken Ireland or in the slave plantations of the south. But the great end of his life-work was peace—the universal peace of nations, and in furthering that end he spent the best years of his life. One would think that the task of fraternizing Europe, to a blacksmith in a little New England village would have seemed so far off in the unattainable hopes of the future that he must have shrunk from all but the glowing thought of such millennial beauty. But the same hard master that had laid upon

frame of earth's richest green. We seated ourselves beneath a shady grove and drank in the scene before us. Along the bank at our feet there bloomed a strange abundance of wild roses, and beneath their overhanging shade we could discern a score or two of pure, white water-lilies, which notwithstanding the height of the sun, still breathed forth their unconfined fragrance. On the opposite side of the lake a thick wood of towering pines presented an almost grand back-ground to the picture before us.

While a dreamy breeze above us rustled among the shading leaves, and below fanned the lake to a gentle ripple, my friend slowly recalled the favorite tale of his childhood, and related to my attentive ear the Legend of the Lilies and Roses, as follows:

Long before the white man had broken in upon the Confederacy of the Pokanokets, and before that terrible plague of sickness and death had come, which drove the Indian from the woods and waters of New England, this whole region was peopled by a powerful tribe. All along the valley and up the slope to the crest of yonder hill, now crowned with its glittering church spire, dwelt the flower of the Nipmucks, a tribe whose name struck terror to the heart of Pequot or Narraganset. Here in front of us the braves caught their fish, and beyond they chased the panting deer. Here the Indian maidens welcomed their warrior lovers and crowned them with garlands of victory. But there was one Indian maiden who had no warrior lover, though fairer than all the rest. This proud and beautiful maiden, the fair-eyed Weemore, was the daughter of the Nipmucks' king. She was more lovely than the blush of morning, and her smile carried with it the light of the sunshine. At the glance of her eye the strength of the braves would unbend, and though many fell at her feet she raised not one to be her lover. She chose to wander with her bow and arrows through the silent woods alone, skillful as Diana. No bird of plumage so rare but she would have its wing, and if all

admirers failed to shoot the bird desired, she would wander off alone and proudly return successful. But at length a change came over her calm and quiet life. The Nipmucks had met the ravaging Narragansets and driven them back from their territory, but her brother, the young chief, had been taken prisoner. The Nipmuck warriors returned, a sorrowing band, leading but one prisoner, the chief who had led the Narragansets on to the field of battle. His life had been spared in the hope of recovering their young chief by exchange. He might live till a truce had been sought and ended. With Weemore let us gaze on the prisoner. She is prepared to hate the enemy of her people, to scorn him as the would-be murderer of her brother. There he stands erect, proud and handsome before the abuse of his enemies. They revile, but he listens not, and Weemore's heart, almost against her will, swells with admiration for the young chief of the Narragansets. She intercedes in his behalf and bids the revilers cease and retire. Then did the chief Walengog bow his head with thanks as he sought the face of his enemy-friend. "If our enemies were like the Nipmuck maiden," he said, "the Narragansets would seek their love and not their lands or blood." Weemore sorrowfully turned away.

But every day she saw Walengog and grew to take pleasure in making his captivity durable. She exhibited her skill at the bow, told of hunts and dangers and sports, and of the mysteries of the lake. She spoke of the one-antlered deer that was often at moonlight seen in the lake, told how it swam with an enchanted life, for it had many times been shot at and wounded, but could not be killed. Her arrows that never missed elsewhere fell without force upon the one-antlered deer.

But the truce now was ended, and the young chiefs were exchanged, and Walengog must part from the Nipmuck Weemore. On the eve of his return to his people, Walengog with Weemore strolled along here by the bank of the lake, and the silvery moonlight lit the pathway of

the Indian lovers, for such they were. Weemore had given up her solitary rambles and was only happy when with the Narraganset chief. From the first her kindness had won the proud heart of Walengog to a pure and grateful love. And now on this last night there was a sadness in their silence. They loved and yet must part. Walengog could not take the Nipmuck maiden to his people till he had first reconciled them to receiving an enemy for their queen. He promised to return to his Weemore, to hasten back to his bride as on the wings of the eagle. He promised, and as a pledge he gave to her a hunting knife, on which he had carved a one-antlered deer. "Let Weemore watch for Walengog," he said, "when again she sees the enchanted deer." A cloud passed over the moon, she shuddered, and they parted. And now the patient Weemore lived a life of hope. She never distrusted the Narraganset though the hours and days flew by. She had his pledge, she would trust him. Day after day she wandered along this bank, and watched for the one-antlered deer. The weeks, the months flew by. The leaves had fallen in the rich sunset of autumn, and still even the winter brought no deer, nor sight of her Walengog. The spring brought back fresh faith. She saw the fragrant violet and sweet anemone bloom once more, and believed that the Narraganset likewise would return. The spring had blossomed into summer, and again she trod this bank, sad and almost hopeless,—often watching the fading twilight, or lingering till the moon should rise above the pines.

Twelve moons had come and gone, another was almost full, and Weemore was still the unclaimed bride. She was standing on this bank watching the silver light glittering on the water, when her attention was attracted to something moving under the pines at the end of the reflected path of the moon. She waited, she scarcely breathed, it was the one-antlered deer. Joy, joy, a moment of rapturous joy. Walengog now will return to his Nipmuck bride. She steps within the shade of the

trees, and strings her long-unused bow, and watches the deer come on in the path of many moons. Walengog had given the hunting knife to her as a pledge of his return, and she would now give back to him the head of the one-antlered deer. It came on nearer and nearer. She fitted her deadliest arrow. It was close to the bank and she drew and fired, and ran to witness the death. And there at her feet she saw the skin of the one-antlered deer, and the dying glance of Walengog broke the heart of Weemore. The pledge was torn from her girdle and buried deep in her breast, and the Nipmuck maiden's hope was lost for the pledge was never returned.

Down to this bank the next morning the people came in their search, but they found neither Weemore nor Walengog, but only some lilies and roses. From beneath the bank in the water there, where Walengog breathed his last, new water-lilies now sent their fragrance, and each morning breathed out new love. And above them on low hanging bushes, where the blood of Weemore had been poured, wild roses now bloomed in sweet thousands and told of a trust that was true.

Though the Nipmucks have left here forever and the white man now dwells in their place, the lilies and roses are lasting, their bloom is eternal as youth. And the mist in the summer moonlight in rising over the lake often takes the shape of a one-antlered deer and melts into Lilies and Roses.

B. J. E.

EVENING AND MORNING.

The day was drawing near its close ;
The sun's departing glory lay
Across the meadows, whence arose
The perfume of the new-mown hay.
It was the hour when Nature seems
To revel in fantastic dreams ;
When glows the west in gold and red,
And in the soft sky over-head
The evening star a diamond gleams ;
And silence reigns, save when is heard
Within the shady, mossy dells,
The tinkling of the cattle bells,
Or else some mellow-throated bird
Pours forth, in liquid melody,
His evening lay, within the wood,
His heart o'er-bubbling in that flood
Of song he sings so merrily.

The rakers of the fragrant hay,
Their rakes upon their shoulders thrown,
Were slowly wending home their way
Across the meadows newly mown.
It was the hour to cease from toil ;
All Nature seemed in sweet repose ;
The bee forsook the scented rose
And hied her hive-ward with her spoil.
Along the hay-strewn meadow's edge
There came a line of lowing cows,
Some nibbling now and then the sedge,
Some stopping here and there to browse
A mouthful from the scattered hedge ;
Behind them walked a slender maid ;
Her brown hair, in a single braid,
Was coiled about her pretty head ;
Her lips were, as the cherry, red.
Her hat was off and from her hand
It dangled by its crimson band ;
And as the maiden tripped along
She sweetly sang a snatch of song.
She was the fairest thing, I ween,
In all that golden sunset scene ;

The cattle knew her voice so sweet
 And when she called them from afar,
 They all would come with willing feet,
 And wait till she let down the bar.

Beyond the meadows, on a hill,
 Beneath which flowed a crystal rill,
 The farm-house stood, and by its side
 An oak tree towered in all its pride ;
 Upon its trunk the mosses grew,
 And o'er the gambrel roof it threw
 A huge limb, like some giant's arm,
 As though 'twould shield the house from harm.
 Upon the porch, with vines o'er-run,
 An old man sat; his silver hair]
 Moved gently in the evening air ;
 He seemed to watch the setting sun
 Sink slowly in the gorgeous West.
 Perhaps he thought of that behest
 Which soon would summon him away ;
 For evening shadows must be nigh
 To one who, years ago, passed by
 The morn and noon of life's brief day.
 Perhaps he thought of her, who trod
 With him this earthly vale of tears,
 But who, beneath the church-yard sod,
 Had lain asleep these many years.
 Perhaps young manhood's happy hours
 Came back like some forgotten dream ;
 And through his mind a whirling stream
 Of recollections of the past
 Went by like leaves before the blast.
 For thus it is that memory towers
 Above the body's wreck and waste,
 And to the senses wafts a taste
 Of incense from our faded flowers.

But suddenly the old man's eyes
 Lost all their vague, abstracted look,
 As, from the glowing evening skies,
 He glanced down at the crystal brook,
 Upon whose cool, inviting brink
 The cattle bent their necks to drink ;
 And there, upon a stepping stone,
 He saw the maiden tall and fair ;
 The slanting, golden sunbeams shone
 Upon her wealth of dark brown hair ;

And as he gazed he fondly smiled,
 She seemed but yesterday a child,
 To-day before his eyes she stood
 In all her sweet young womanhood.

When of the water from the rill
 The thirsty cows had drunk their fill,
 And passed the barn-yard gateway wide,
 The maiden climbed the sloping hill.
 "Well, grandpa, here I am!" she cried;
 And running to the old man's side,
 She cast herself and gypsy hat
 Upon the bench on which he sat.
 "I'm glad, dear child, for you're the light
 Of these old eyes, whose fading sight
 Has now so dim and feeble grown
 They scarcely seem to be mine own.
 You know, my girl, I'm very old;
 Sometimes I think I almost feel
 Death's stealthy darkness on me steal,
 As yonder, in that sky of gold,
 Night marshals now her vast array
 To march upon retreating day.
 What says the Book, the Holy Word?
 'When music shall no more be heard,
 When those who keep the house shall quake,
 And grinders shall their mills forsake,
 When darkened is the gazing eye,
 Or when the grinding sound is low,
 By these, and other signs, then know
 The ruin of the house is nigh.
 And when is loosed the silver seal,
 Or broken at the well the wheel,
 Or shattered at the fount the urn,
 Or broken is the golden bowl,
 Then dust shall unto dust return,
 But unto God returns the soul.'"

Again the grandsire mused, the maid
 Was silent, seeming half afraid
 To interrupt his reverie.
 Thus long they sat and neither spoke,
 No sound the solemn silence broke,
 Save, through the branches of the oak,
 The breezes murmured languidly,
 And in a droning, drowsy strain
 The bee-hive hummed its low refrain.

Meanwhile, within, the good dame spread
 The table with its simple fare;
 The sweet new milk, the snowy bread
 Upon its plate of blue-edged ware,
 And butter, yellow as the gold
 King Crœsus in his chambers told,
 And honey, which the delving bees
 Had pilfered from the clover lees.
 Curled snugly in the rocking chair,
 The house-cat lay and sleeked with care,
 With comb-like tongue, her silken fur,
 The while arose her gentle purr.
 Above her, on the wall, a gun
 With pouch and horn and ramrod hung,
 An old "flint-lock" whose voice had rung
 At Concord and at Lexington.
 And almost to the musket's stock
 Arose a large, old-fashioned clock,
 Which always warned, before its chime
 With solemn, deep, sonorous stroke,
 Told off the hours of flying time ;
 And in its darkened cell of oak,
 As throbs the heart within the breast
 Unceasingly, nor stops to rest,
 The pendulum swung to and fro,
 And with a steady, measured beat
 Divided into rhythmic feet
 The minute's never-ceasing flow.
 Just opposite the lofty clock,
 Yawned the huge fire-place, deep and wide,
 And in the chimney, at one side,
 A crane was fastened to the rock ;
 And from its arm the kettle hung,
 And, as the flames beneath it glanced,
 The iron cover whirred and danced
 Unto the song the kettle sung.

The farmer on the door-sill sat,
 While his good wife prepared the tea,
 Beguiling time in pleasant chat.
 A merry, happy man was he ;
 Although not rich in worldly wealth,
 He had enough and perfect health,
 Which to the happiness of man
 Contributes more than riches can.
 And, as he from the door surveyed
 His orchards in their leaves arrayed,

And felt the peace and sweet content
 Which follow hours in labor spent,
 A king, in crown and royal dress,
 Might envy him his happiness.

At length appeared the hired man,
 His broad, round face was brown with tan ;
 A milk pail in each hand he bore
 So full they seemed nigh running o'er ;
 And when the milk was strained and poured
 Into the shallow pans, and stored
 Within the good wife's buttery,
 And when was made the steaming tea,
 And plates upon the table laid,
 The farmer stepped into the hall
 And called the old man and the maid ;
 But ere they ate, with reverence all
 About the table bowed the head
 Until the grandsire grace had said.
 And when the simple meal was o'er,
 The Bible from the shelf was brought,
 The old man from its pages read
 What Christ to his disciples taught ;
 Then all upon the spotless floor
 Knelt down, while on the listening air
 Arose the solemn, earnest prayer.

The duties of the night were done ;
 And on the porch the family
 Together sat, while one by one
 The stars peeped through the darkening sky,
 And o'er the tree tops far and dim
 The round moon raised her yellow rim.
 Alas, how seldom do we think,
 When friends are gathered all around,
 Perhaps, when next we meet, a link
 Shall missing from that chain be found.
 Although the grim destroyer, Death,
 May stand beside some loved one's chair,
 We see him not, his icy breath
 No chill sends through the Summer air !

Time moved apace, the orb of night
 Climbed up the heaven's ethereal arch,
 And like a spectral army's march
 Appeared the groves of pine and larch
 Beneath her pale uncertain light.

How different is this landscape's phase
 From sultry noon tide's dazzling blaze !
 Its aspect now how serious,
 How dreamful and mysterious !
 The clock struck nine, good-nights were said,
 The daughter tripped upstairs to bed.
 Not thus, I deem, the city girl,
 Absorbed in fashion's giddy whirl,
 Her pillow in good season seeks ;
 Nor is the color on the cheeks
 Of her who turns the day to night
 So rosy, nor her eyes so bright.
 The grandsire rose and silently
 Went out into the open air ;
 And kneeling 'neath the old oak tree
 He offered up his secret prayer.
 For many years beneath that oak,
 In Summer, when the sky was clear,
 Where none but God himself could hear,
 He'd knelt, his blessing to invoke.
 Then to his room the old man crept,
 And quietly the household slept,
 Lulled by the song the katy-did
 Sung, in the leafy branches hid.

Bright in the East the morning broke,
 The sweet voice of the rising lark
 Proclaimed the exile of the dark.
 And with the sun the farmer woke,
 For where are many mouths to keep
 The day is not the time to sleep.
 Refreshed by hours of sweet repose,
 The mother and the daughter rose.
 The dewy flowers their perfumes blent,
 And sense-bewildering fragrance lent
 Unto the gently stirring air.
 The maiden down the oaken stair
 Ran, gaily singing as she went.
 She sought the porch with vines embowered,
 Where short-lived morning-glories flowered.
 Oft sitting on the rustic seat
 Her grandsire loved to feel the sweet
 Refreshing, early-morning breeze,
 And hear it woo the nodding trees.
 The bench was empty, and a thrill
 Of fear swept o'er her, and a chill,
 Foreboding sense of deep distress

Seemed rising from its emptiness.
 She ran within, and gently knocked
 Upon her grandsire's chamber door.
 No answer came, and more and more
 Strange fears into her fancy flocked ;
 She raised the latch, it was not locked ;
 The sunlight streamed across the floor
 And fell upon the sleeper's bed.
 She touched his brow, 't was icy cold,
 The empty bench the truth had told,
 Life's cord was loosed, the soul had fled.
 White winged, it took its upward flight
 Ere rose the lark at morning light.

* * * * *

Beside the old house on the hill
 The lofty oak is towering still;
 Still o'er the roof its branches toss,
 Still 'neath the hill the streamlet brawls
 O'er mossy stones, with tiny falls,
 Still from the grove the wood-thrush calls,
 But on all else a shadow palls,
 A brooding sense of bitter loss.
 Long closed has been the farm-house door,
 Within the fireplace now, no more
 The red flames up the chimney roar ;
 But in the flue, for many years,
 The swallow's twig-built nest has hung,
 And there the dusky mother rears,
 All undisturbed, her callow young.
 Unheeded now the whirling snow
 Piles on the porch untrodden drifts ;
 Unheeded Spring's soft breezes blow,
 And start the ice-bound brooklet's flow
 Through sheeny pools and shallow rifts ;
 No longer now the garners hold
 The harvest's ripened, yellow sheaves ;
 And gorgeous Autumn's painted leaves
 Unheeded shower their red and gold.
 What matters it unto the dead
 If silent snow lies white and deep,
 Or falling showers in Summer weep,
 Or thunder crashes overhead,
 It can not break their dreamless sleep !
 Oh, Time ! is it because thou art
 Thyself so wrinkled, old and grey,
 Thou enviest the young and gay,

And doom'st them to such swift decay?
 But yet thou bindest up the heart,
 With cruel anguish rent and torn,
 And hovering o'er us in the air,
 Thou showest Hope on white wings borne,
 Who comes to banish dark Despair.

Oh, Life, how strangely different look
 The pages of thy mystic book!
 Some are as bright as sunny skies,
 And calm as hill-sequestered lakes,
 Whose gleam the spotted brook-trout breaks,
 And where the wary dragon-flies,
 Those gauze-winged rainbows, dance and shine
 Or rest upon the angler's line.
 In others joy with sadness blends;
 That twilight which we know so well,
 So gradual we scarce can tell
 Where night begins and daylight ends.
 And some are dark as clouds that frown
 Upon the grey sea looking down;
 And stormy as the giddy waves
 Which thunder from the Maelstrom's caves.
 Dear Father, grant that we may read
 Life's book with understanding eyes,
 And comprehend, as we proceed,
 The wisdom vast, which underlies
 Each passage, whether dark or bright;
 And let Faith be our guiding light
 From infancy to hoary age,
 From title to the final page.

H. S. D.



PAPERS OF THE TEATOTUM CLUB.

No. I.

HAD anyone on one winter evening of the fall term of 1879, either from chance or sociability, dropped into a certain room in South College, he would have found there seated about the blazing logs four as intellectual looking students as he could have found anywhere else. But no one did drop in and the four sat there un-

molested. Not that they would have objected, in all probability, if any one had made them a visit, for nothing of great importance had brought them together, and nothing of great importance was occurring at the time mentioned. They were four men of rather dissimilar characters, and the cause of their assembling was simply their common fondness for a good cup of tea, and the pleasure they found in dabbling in literature and literary pursuits.

A description of the room is superfluous in the extreme. The reader, if such there shall be, can imagine for himself the elegance of the wall paper and carpet, he can hang for himself about the room those pictures which he most admires, he can arrange for himself the articles of furniture to suit his own best taste, and all well know the coziness and charm imparted from the wood fire in the Franklin stove. The only fact to be mentioned is, that in one corner of the apartment rested on a small table a tea set; rearing its snout above which stood a copper kettle smiling with its bright cheerful countenance, and attesting that for all its hard and polished exterior it sometimes, at least, had warmth of feeling within.

"If an Englishman held my opinion," said one of the four, who will be known henceforth by the name of Chapman, as he laid his cup on the table, "If an Englishman held my opinion, he would say that that was not a bad cup of tea." "And what pray," asked Perkins, another of the company, "should you call it?" "Well, if I used the language by common consent ascribed to my fellow countrymen, I should say it was a *darn* good cup."

"Yes, after all," remarked a third, whom we shall call Biddle, "as for me, there is nothing more soothing, more deliciously restful, than a cup of good tea. In my opinion, all the balms of Egypt and spices of Arabia, all the most precious incense burned in St. Peter's, the costliest Havana made from the royal estates of Cuba, cannot excel the fragrance; the most delicious wines of Europe, the choicest coffee of the Turkish pasha, in fact, the

sweetest draught that ever Hebe poured cannot excel the flavor of a good cup of tea." The person guilty of such sentiments then gave a sigh of relief as if delivered of a great burden, and placed his cup by the side of Chapman's.

"Why, bless me," said the latter, "you attribute to a cup of tea as many smells as the 'two and seventy' that Coleridge found at Cologne. I confess I like tea now and then, but never supposed that it possessed such complex and diversified excellence."

"Yes," said Marcou, the other of the four, whose name has not yet been mentioned, "it is really an excellent beverage. I suppose, Biddle, you would say with Pope:

'And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.'

Now why didn't Byron, while he sang of 'sublime tobacco' and gave utterance to those lines which set forth so truly the relative positions of the weed according to the way it's smoked, end up with 'Give me a cigar.' Now, why didn't he apostrophize the beverage of the Celestial empire in the same way?"

"I can't repeat the quotation you refer to," said Chapman, "but according to my best recollection it begins, 'Divine in hookas, etc.' Let us see how would he have put it if he was going to give his opinion on tea? Perhaps something like this:—

Divine with sugar, glorious when hot,
Just as you please, with cream or with it not,
Like other charmers beckoning the retreat
Much the more easily because the sweeter.
Yet thy true lover is the poor Chinnee;
He knows what's right—so give me simply tea."

This effort was got off with the hesitation natural to a youthful improvisatore, yet gained a smile or two for what it was worth. And so the talk went on, and now is a good opportunity to give a brief description of the four who composed the party, that if ever these papers shall come to light, those who read may have an idea as to whom they refer to—if they refer to anyone.

First then, Perkins, or the one who in these papers bears that cognomen, was one of those fellows to whom the term *solid* would most appropriately apply. Well read, a fairly good writer, and with a high stand, he was generally respected in his class for these considerations, as well as for an underlying ground-work of common sense, and strong character.

Chapman was not lacking in many of those qualities which generally go to make up solidity, but he had not that reputation. His stand was nothing remarkable, indeed only barely respectable, and into his composition entered a keen sense of the ridiculous and a love for turning everything into fun. Indeed, phrenologically considered his bump of reverence had given place to a dent and lent itself to increase his bump of humor.

The third was a good sort of a fellow, never much in the way, and always welcome, and goes by the name of Biddle. Sentiment, love and poetry were his favorite themes, though he didn't know much about any of them. With fairly good looks, except for the dimple in his chin, which bespoke his weakness and amiability, he had many stories of girls and flirtations in which he was the hero.

It now remains to speak of the fourth and the description of the company will be complete. It must be said, however little he may be inclined to hear himself spoken of in this way, that Marcou was little more than a pedant. He capped everything with a quotation, and, never satisfied with the ordinary usages of language, adorned his speeches with those little technicalities which give the outward appearance of an inward learning. However, he had found in his three companions, and his companions had found in him little to repel and a great deal to attract, and as he and they were both satisfied with each other, he was sitting there by a mutual and tacit understanding and enjoying his own company as well as, if not better than theirs.

More might be said of the occupants of this room in South on that evening, but more would be unnecessary

if not distasteful, and the readers—alas, if there ever are any—can give a better description themselves after the perusal of these papers.

After many long and fiery discussions of college topics, as to whether Linonia was a success, or whether boat-racing at Yale was a failure, the *raison d'être* of the *News*, and the last game of foot ball—one of the number, by one of those curious and happy accidents which often lead to greater events than are at first suspected, proposed that they should form of themselves a sort of a club. The recorder has put it down that *one* of them made the proposition. The point is disputed, and each claims that he was the first to make the suggestion. Perhaps it would be more correct and more soothing to the feelings of all concerned if it were recorded that they *all* made the proposition. At any rate they all spontaneously agreed, and a club was then formed and the only officer, a recorder, elected.

"What shall we call it?" said Perkins, "I think that a good name for a club of four like ourselves would be 'The Quadrangle.'"

"Referring, I suppose," said Chapman, "to our number and the sharpness of our wits."

"Yes, exactly."

"Or, why not call it the Saturday Night Club?" said Biddle.

"Or the Reading Club?"

"Or the South College Club?"

"Or the Ace of Clubs?"

"Or the War Club?"

Such were the suggestions fired from all directions at once.

"Oh yes," said Chapman, "or anything else that doesn't have anything to do with it. Why, what do we come here for? We don't come to play cards, or to read, or to hold a council of war, but simply to have a little tea. Call it 'The Teatotum Club.'"

This was at once taken up by all except Perkins.

"That sounds as if we came here to gamble," said he.

"What if it does? Who's going to know what we call it? Besides you can spell it to yourself with an *a*," remarked our genial friend Biddle.

"Well," said Perkins, "in that case it sounds as if we were so many old maids, and one doesn't want that continually thrown in his face, if he *does* drink tea."

"Not in the least does it sound like old maids," remarked Chapman, as he rose from his seat, getting rather warm on the subject to think that his harmless witticism should meet with any opposition. "Not in the least: other people drink tea besides old maids. Let me see; what is that rhyme? Ah—I know:

'Lovely woman is the sugar,
Spoons the poor men seem to be,
Matrimony is hot water,
Love is like a cup of tea.'

Now that would be a good motto—wouldn't it Biddle?"

"Yes, of course," said Biddle with alacrity, as the last line had struck a chord in his susceptible heart, "just the thing.

At last the question was settled. The club should be called "The Teatotum Club," the only provision of which should be that they should meet once, at least, every week, and drink nothing but simple and unalloyed tea.

This was unanimously agreed to, Chapman giving his vote because he had proposed it; Biddle gave his assent because the sentiment of the quotation was in accordance with his own, Marcou, because there was a quotation connected with it at all, and Perkins, because he was in the minority.

And thus was formed the Teatotum Club, unknown up to this time to the college world, and of whose records this is the first.

B. E.

A TOKEN.

April airs blow warm and gentle,
 Merry summer birds salute us,
 Spring now weaves her flowery mantle,
 Twining in the first arbutus,
 Star flowers white as maiden's bosom
 Strew the fields like winter snow,
 Violets of bluest blossom
 In among the grasses grow.

There's a woodland vista shaded
 By dark pine and hemlock arches,
 Steel-leaved boughs that ne'er have faded,
 Tempered by a score of Marches,
 There the spring for summer tarries,
 There the winter waits for May,
 And within this home of fairies
 Twilight broodeth all the day.

Once when we the fields were roaming,
 Ere May roses were unrolling,
 Thoughtlessly we pierced the gloaming,
 And adown the aisle were strolling,
 Then thy voice whose laugh ran riot
 Ere we wandered to the wood,
 Hushed to silence in the quiet
 Of that mystic solitude.

Then the love that, ever dwelling
 On my lips, I dared not murmur,
 Tho' in signs its passion telling,
 Thrilled with hope and promise firmer,
 And beneath the deeply shading
 Branches interknit above,
 Hand with hand together braiding,
 First we kissed the kiss of love.

I've a knot of faded flowers,
 Whose perfume and beauty perished
 Ere their season filled its hours.
 But their loveliness is cherished
 In the buds that now I find thee
 Where three years ago we stood,—
 Buds that needlessly remind thee
 Of our vows with them renewed.

E. W.

GAUTAMA.

"The secrets of the silence whence all come,
The secrets of the gloom whereto all go."

M R. EDWIN ARNOLD here gives us an epitome of the yearnings which racked the soul of the Buddha. He found life fraught with puzzling secrets, whose persistent opacity to human gaze cast for him a somber tinge over all existence. To solve those subtle mysteries, and to make his fellow-men the sharers in his enlightenment, was the unwavering aim of this wondrous prince. How many mortals before him, rulers or swains, had seen the snows always shrouding the peaks of Himalaya, had watched the flowers in the valleys blossom and then wither, had looked on lasting sorrows and transient joys, without ever a thought on the meaning of life,—without a single generous throb for the millions about them! And how many, too, in that dreamy land of India, had been content to shut themselves up in intricate webs of reasoning, that only formed a tangle to impede the atoms of truth which actually found their way there! Gautama made an honest endeavor to grasp the truth, not selfishly, but preëminently because his heart was rent with cares for his fellow beings. His story proves strikingly, that lofty nobleness is not a growth peculiar to western civilization, but may bloom wherever Providence has planted a human heart, and watered it from the spring of human sympathy.

It is for this reason that I love to linger—even though the smooth music of the verse hurries me on—over that passage in the "Light of Asia," where is described the "cave with wild figs canopied," on Ratnagiri. That was the scene of most unselfish devotion, coupled with high-reaching thought. And as the poet takes me "north-westwards from the 'Thousand Gardens'" to the spot where his hero was tempted, the pretty word-painting

may please me, the weird description of the evil spirits may move me; but the grand picture of sustained self-sacrifice compels a soul-stirring admiration while the literary gratification could only cause a passing comment.

But, it may be asked, was this altruist, this princely recluse, successful? Did he dispel those secrets to whose solution he gave his whole life? Such questions, I hold, do not shake one whit the grandeur of the royal mendicant's career. Though the Buddhist's conception of Nirvana, and his interpretation of the divine power, do not satisfy us, no one can fail to see a foreshadowing of Christian ideas in the high principles of right which Gautama inculcated. Here are some specimens of his teachings, afterwards embodied in one of the sacred books: "Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love." "If one man conquer in battle a thousand times thousand men, and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest of conquerors." Do not these two sentences alone, so strangely like certain verses in the New Testament, earn for the man who uttered them a place among the noblest types of manhood?

He was, indeed, far more than a well-meaning theorizer. The whole theological system of Buddhism might be cast over, and yet we could never call Gautama's life a failure. It was not on account of hair-splitting metaphysical definitions that Buddhism became a power in the world; nor to-day, I imagine, do the four hundred millions of people who bedeck Buddha's shrines have any appreciation of the doctrines which he laid down. As Prof. Müller has said, "Buddha's system might have been merely "a drop in the ocean of philosophical speculation, by which India was at all times deluged." The reason that such was not its fate was because of the social reforms which went with it. To an age and country in which the barriers of caste were impassable, well-nigh unchangeable, Gautama brought the idea of breadth. In place of the stifling oppression of the Brahmanistic hierarchy, he substituted toleration. Truly, there would have been a real meaning

in that whisper of nature which the poet makes an accompaniment of the prince's birth,—

“Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!”

Still, one cannot shut out the idea that there is something comfortless linked with the beauty, the elevated morality, the philanthropy of this life. I have found myself lapsing into wonderment as to whether, even after seeing his creed established and flourishing, Gautama did not behold those same old secrets, in new shapes perhaps, dazzling his eyes—did not feel at heart disappointed with the bald negations which, in his light, he had been forced to accept. Take the man himself, stripped of the glamour that poetry throws over him. Were there not, think you, dark surmises, unanswered doubts, rising in that large mind, on to his end? Little satisfaction breathes in this injunction, which Mr. Arnold puts into Buddha's mouth:—

“Pray not! the darkness will not frighten! Ask
Nought from the silence, for it cannot speak.”

After all, it was to the tone of Oriental thought that he owed whatever sombreness shaded his character. This tone is exactly caught, I think, in the couplet quoted at the beginning. How different everything would be for us, if we were to relinquish our belief, gratifying from its very definiteness, in a personal creator, and put in place of it a passive acceptance of “the silence whence all come;” or if we were to substitute for our cheering hope of a hereafter a vague expectancy of “the gloom whereto all go.” And yet such was the picture of the unseen world which the traditions of ages had imprinted on the Eastern mind, when young Siddartha began to think. We cannot blame him for groping blindly, as it may seem to us; we can give him the highest praise for his earnest search; we can commend him as a benefactor of his race; but the hard fact remains, that behind the adamantine rock he gave his best years

to cleave, he found copper only, when he had hoped for gold.

Sometimes there is an intense pathos in the traditions of this man's deeds, when they mirror the gloomy disappointment which thrust itself upon him. A poor widow, Kisagôtami, once came to him for cure for her dying baby. He told her she must get a handful of mustard-seed, begging for grains of it from house to house, but taking from no place where anyone had died. She soon found it a hopeless task, for wherever she went the people would shake their heads and say, "the dead are very many, but the living few." Her child dies; she goes again to Buddha, and the only consolation he can give her is this:

"'My sister! thou hast found,' the Master said,
 'Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm
 I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
 Dead on thy bosom yesterday : to-day
 Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe :
 The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.'"

Compare this legend with the story of the widow of Nain, and you will see the difference, not only between omniscient divinity and ideal humanity, but also between a gospel of hope and a creed of pessimism. TRIPUSHA.

MAY.DAWN.

A tender beauty of the early day,
 A morning's blush ;
 A phebe and a linnet singing gay
 Among the brush,
 A lark up soaring, trilling forth her lay
 In one wild gush
 Of song, a robin on a maple spray,
 A wren and thrush ;
 Then on the choir that greets the sun's first ray
 There falls a hush.
 And all that makes dawn lovely fades away
 In noonday's flush.

E. W.

THREE CORNERS OF THE EARTH.

I—NEW HAVEN.

FOR some reason I never think of writing in my diary except when I am angry, so that it has come of late to look like a proscription list, filled with the names of the victims of my wrath. Hang Tom Roberts, if he is my chum ! He got me into a nice scrape to-day all through his love for a pretty face. We had come in from dinner, and I was just resigning myself to the afternoon grind on Anglo-Saxon, when the click of the mail-box sounded. Tom jumped up, ran to the door, and held up before my envious eyes a tiny note addressed to "Mr. Tom Roberts, Durfee College, Yale." He opened it, and I watching him lazily from the sofa saw an expression of vexation come upon his face.

"Pshaw, Jack, here's a nice go. You see Mary Hazen from New York, whom I met last winter, is in town for a couple of days visiting the Elliotts. She is very pretty, but tremendously scientific, quotes Huxley and Darwin, and talks of going to college in England. Well, she has been fairly 'dying,' as Grace Elliott says here, to go over the Peabody Museum. And this note is from Grace asking me if I won't *please* come around and escort Miss Hazen thither. This is the only afternoon she can go. I have an examination at three o'clock which I *can't* cut, I don't want to be disobliging, and what shall I do?" A blank pause here ensued, during which Tom gazed out of the window and I whistled. "But I say, Jack," said he, turning suddenly, "why can't *you* go in my place? You are just the man for it. I'll bring her round to the Museum at three o'clock and you meet us there and take her over the building. You'll do it, I know, old boy. Remember, three sharp; ta, ta." And Tom was gone, leaving me to my not very pleasant

reflections. I rather pride myself on my ability to make a good impression upon the weaker sex, but it was not without many misgivings that I prepared myself to face the inevitable. How should I converse with the fair unknown? What did I, a fourth division Junior, know about the Descent of Man? And I had not been inside the museum since Freshman year. However, at the appointed time, I made my way to the museum and found Tom and a young lady awaiting me in the vestibule.

"Ah, Jack, punctual as ever," said Tom, coming forward. I am never punctual at any thing, and I believe that scoundrel Tom had been telling Miss Hazen so, for I saw a merry twinkle in her eyes as he introduced us. She was a rarely beautiful girl who might have stepped down from one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' canvases, Gainesborough hat and all, at least so I imagined as she stood there in the vestibule, the warm spring sunshine filtering in through the stained glass windows upon her hair.

"Well, good friends, I must leave you," said Tom, breaking in upon my reverie. "Jack knows the building thoroughly, Miss Hazen, and I am sure will prove a mine of information. I will call for you at five." The wretch bowed, and walked away. I was left to my fate. "Where shall we go first, Mr. Perkins? You must tell me where everything is, Mr. Roberts says you are so wise," said Miss Hazen, sweetly. (Ah, Tom, Tom, what sins you will have to answer for!) "Let us go in here," said I, desperately, leading the way into the mineral room. We got along very well here for she was plainly not much interested in minerals, and I discoursed eloquently of the mysterious delights of a college room. "And then, you know," said I, "we have the pictures of all our lady friends upon—" "Where are the fossils?" interrupted she, "I have been reading Huxley lately," (horrors! thought I) "and I have been *so* much interested in his American addresses. Have you ever read Huxley, Mr. Perkins?" Mr. Perkins in despair said yes, and immediately proposed going up

stairs to see the fossils. We found them at last, and pausing before a case containing, so far as I could discover, nothing save a confused mass of little bones, my charge clasped her hands in delight and exclaimed, "Just as it is described! Here is the *Hesperornis Regalis*, which 'differs,' as he says, 'from all existing birds, and so far resembles reptiles in one important particular, it is provided with teeth.' See one of its teeth on that little stick, Mr. Perkins!" I didn't see anything resembling a tooth, but blindly assented. "What a wonderful thing it all is!" she resumed. "Do you know how the *Hesperornis* differs from the *Odontopteryx*, Mr. Perkins?"

These creatures might have been fish, flesh or fowl, for all I knew, but I nevertheless hazarded the opinion that the *Hesperornis* was much better adapted for swimming than the *Odontopteryx*, the latter not being web-footed, and saw from the look of amazement on Miss Hazen's face that I had made a blunder. However, we passed on to another case, and my companion's enjoyment was complete. "Oh! Mr. Perkins," said this astonishing mixture of beauty and science, "here are the succession of forms which go from the top to the bottom of the Tertiaries in the development of the horse. See the perfectly developed toes, the ulna, the fibula, the grinders. Do you know, Mr. Perkins, whether the *Hippariumis*—." "Let us go and look at the snakes," I interrupted in sheer desperation, "there is an immense rattlesnake with grinders in the corner yonder." I was saved for the moment only to fall into other dilemmas, until at the end of the two hours my brain was a whirling mass in which a *Hesperornis*, an *Hipparium*, and a big rattlesnake seemed to be having a triangular duel with fibulae for weapons, and you may well imagine that I welcomed Tom as the besieged in Lucknow welcomed their rescuers.

"And how have you enjoyed yourself, Miss Hazen?" said wicked Tom, when he appeared upon the scene. "Oh, exceedingly," replied the fair scientist, "Mr. Perkins has told me so much; all about the—." "I really

must say good afternoon," I interrupted, and fled incontinently. I haven't seen Tom since. I don't want to see him. I have an inward premonition that it would be dangerous for us to meet just at present.

II—ENGLAND.

I have been at Cambridge before and "done" the place with the regulation tourist's eye. What is it that has drawn me here again? Nothing less than that prince of good fellows, Tom Roberts, who two years ago went through the sheep-skin ordeal with me (though he nearly missed it), and is now at this venerable seat of learning acquiring all the polish which his slippery disposition will retain. Tom is lazy. He positively refused to study in Germany because he must first go through a drill in "Ich bin, du bist, er ist." And so here he is beside the Cam absorbing a little scientific knowledge and forgetting all the Latin he ever knew, for Tom is of a pseudo-practical turn of mind and confines himself to transcendental curves rather than Greek roots. He still preserves the eye for the beautiful which distinguished him in days of yore. To-day he insisted on dragging reluctant me to a Girton "affair." Dazzling visions of Poughkeepsie flashed before me and I trembled at the prospect, but thanks to some unknown deity there was nothing to cause alarm. "Do you think we knew anything at all when we left the Elms?" whispered Tom with a malicious smile as an erudite young woman bowed and retired. "But don't be surprised yet," he continued, "the marvelous is still to be revealed. She is the wonder among the young people. Gray-haired professors call on her; mathematical journals seek her correspondence; she is just now the every-where-talked-about." Imagine my surprise, after racking my memory for some time, to recognize in the young lady an acquaintance of Tom's whom I met once at New Haven. "Tom," whispered I, with all the wrath that can be forced into a whisper, "you are a vain deceiver. As a penalty you shall introduce me

this evening." "With pleasure, my dear sir; but, pardon my dullness; to whom do you refer?" replied he, with the most transparent assumption of blissful indifference. "To Miss Hazen, of course." "How do you know, Philosophus, that I have the honor of being on the list of that lady?" "You don't fool me, old fellow! As though you could live in Cambridge and not know your old acquaintance so near at hand!" "My dear boy, how you astonish me with your knowledge of my acquaintanceship! But allow me to ask whence you derive your absurd ideas." "You seem to have forgotten an episode among the Pterodactyls and other beauties of —." "Oh, that's so! This evening then," retorted he, abruptly.

"I believe I once had the pleasure of introducing to you 'the elephant and the kangaroo' of our college museum," I said as I made my bow in the evening, though a shiver crept through me at the recollection, and Tom smiled placidly at remembering my confusion on that memorable day. "Yes, and I found their acquaintance quite fascinating that afternoon," she smilingly replied, "though, if my memory is right, I not only suggested the topics of conversation, but was cruel enough to monopolize the talking." "I did not blame you for your evident delight over the pre-historic *equus* and the rest, I always honor an admiration which I cannot understand, though it is a confession of my own ignorance," I said, fibbing mildly. "You are too kind," she said with a laugh. "It is only a boarding school girl who possesses perfectly the art of displaying all she knows and making it go a long way. I had just been reading Huxley at that time." "*Vanitas vanitatum*," sighed Tom in a melancholy way.

How the evening flew! We talked of nothing and everything except society gossip and "the learning of the schools," two subjects evidently tabooed, and yet we were far from being becalmed. Miss Hazen is quite different from the "smart" young women I have known

before. She has learned *not* to quote Darwin. Her character is not lost in her studies, but is growing, with her face, more attractive every day. I have met her only twice and yet I can see every difference between herself of that time and now. And what has caused this change? Is it profound study that has driven away that too apparent appreciation of her own ability which she had before? It cannot have been that that has intensified her beauty and added charm to her manner. I shall have to give it up. It is quite a different thing to learn a lesson in Psychology and to apply it to that mystery of mysteries—a young woman. But though I cannot produce an explanation, I must admit this in respect to this interesting young lady; that three years have made her loveliness more lovely, her knowledge more deep, her opinions more modest, and what is strangest of all, her apparent value of her own beauty absolutely nothing. There! “That is sufficient,” as our old instructors used to say. But now think of it. Would a young lady dressed in dark blue, who had an eye to effect, dare to sit on a green sofa? This is one of a score of things which a fastidious young man might notice. They showed Miss Hazen’s forgetfulness of herself. I have heard before of women who despised their beauty, but this is the first time I ever saw one who frowned alike on admiration of her pretty face and her extraordinary mental ability; who did not deign to subdue you by the sight of her delicate features, or appal you by the depth of her thought, but aspired to making herself attractive in ordinary ways.

By the way, I wonder if Tom has not an unusual interest in “this quarter.” It is strange that he, who never cared for study, should be at Cambridge. Can he have crossed the sea for a pretty face? Yes, that might be. But can she, this paragon of intellect, find anything to admire in a harum-scarum fellow like Tom Roberts? My good sense, which I flatter myself is no disgrace to a young man of twenty-three, answers decisively, no.

III—HONOLULU.

I arrived here yesterday. The place is strange enough, but to see Tom Roberts here is the strangest thing of all. I lost sight of him after the Cambridge visit, and have always during my two years of travel imagined him a prosperous New York merchant, the same Sir Gawain as of yore. And to find him a Sandwich Island consul and —married.

I was strolling along the street gazing as only strangers can gaze, when a slap on the back brought me sharply around face to face with Tom Roberts. The first greetings over, I noticed some change in my friend Tom. He seemed to have acquired a dignity which never belonged to the careless college man. I ascribed it to his consulship, which he spoke of as having obtained through Washington friends at the time when the physicians sent him here for his health—for Tom, as he tells me, suddenly broke down after I saw him last; but I very soon discovered the true reason for the metamorphosis, when he invited me to call on his wife. "Wife!" said I, "you don't mean to say that you have consummated the act matrimonial!" "Come and see for yourself," said he, with the old twinkle in his eyes. And that was all I could get out of him about the fair unknown. I wonder who she can be. Possibly some blue-eyed beauty, who had the courage to accompany her husband to this out-of-the-way spot, and who is now pining for the pleasures of her old life. Or perhaps he has fallen before the dark eyes of some dusky island beauty. I shall see.

* * * * *

I wonder if Honolulu still has more surprises in store for me. As I went up the steps leading to the piazza of Tom's pleasant cottage, he and his wife rose to meet me, and to my utter astonishment, I recognized my acquaintance of Peabody Museum and Girton—Mary Hazen. The beauty of her girlhood is changed now into a higher type of loveliness. As we sat there on the verandah talking,

and I saw more and more of her noble character displayed in every word, I came to realize that Tom had chosen "wiser than he knew." But was her choice as wise as his? Tom is a good fellow, to be sure, but his virtues are chiefly negative; his accomplishments, which in college were limited to banjo-playing and whist, are nothing to grow wild over. Still, as somebody says, "there is no accounting for tastes," and I add, feminine tastes. Here is a woman who might have had the honors of learning which thousands strive for but do not win, sacrificing all those hopes for the sake of the man she loves. Is learning, after all, the highest goal for a woman, or did she do rightly?

NOTABILIA.

"Whan that Aprille with his schowres swoote
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour—"

CHAUCER lived a long time ago and the world has changed a deal since his day, and yet his quaint old English is as true in America in 1880 as it was in Canterbury in 1388. We do not indeed set out on pilgrimages "the holy, blissful martir for to seeke"—far from it. The modern world has outgrown such simplicity. The shrines of the saints are not sacred any longer, and the pilgrimages of the nineteenth century are rather to the ubiquitous altar of the little god of fashion or to the shrines of political demagogues. But true it is that there is something in these early spring days that stirs men up to muscular activity, "So priketh hem Nature in here corages." In accordance with the modern theories of conservation of energy, it is easily explained, I suppose: the vital force that dwells within the marrow of our bones has been busy all these winter months in keeping

us warm, transforming itself obligingly into heat energy. But now there is no longer any need of that, and this physical *vis viva* must spend its force in some other way. Possibly the explanation is not scientific but it surely has the ring of the genuine. We must beware, however, for the ground is dangerous—almost on the limits of sociology. At any rate the facts are undeniable, the campus abounds in living witnesses. The bright sunshine of these April days brings every one out of doors while the lingering chill mildly suggests activity. Even the college literati are to be seen here and there revealing their wan faces to the light of day and clumsily "a' tossing of the ball." Of a pleasant Sunday afternoon all the lanes and hills hereabout are thronged with scholarly strollers, and the increasing group of stragglers on the float every day, bespeaks the reviving energies of some of the college. As to the results of this conservation of force among the athletes, they are apparent enough and are to be found at length in the *Memorabilia* and in the columns of the New York dailies. And so opens the season of athletics, the brightest period of the college year. It will be the part of the October number to moralize upon the end, but in the meantime we say godspeed.

THE discussion upon the necessity of our acquiring permanent control of a ball field, begun last fall and actively maintained in the columns of the *Courant* this term, seems to be rapidly drawing to a focus. It has been most gratifying to observe the interest with which it has been taken up and the ability with which it has been conducted. Its first end has already been gained. A demonstration has been given, apparently to the satisfaction of all, both that we ought to have a ball field of our own, and that there is no time like the present for its acquisition. All that remains is to act. To the various plans of procedure which have been already suggested we have no desire to add. But we do wish to enforce one point—that we are seeking to provide not for our-

selves, but for the future, and for the future of an interest whose prospective importance we can only gauge by the rapid development it has seen in the last twenty—even in the last ten years. We should endeavor, therefore, to procure ground enough not merely for our own immediate needs, but for the needs of the larger university, and, as we hope and believe, the far larger athletic class which is to be. We should not be satisfied with little nor shrink from facing large figures to secure our best bargain. Every argument for buying at all now is doubly strong for buying largely and once for all. Seeking not help for ourselves, but the good of the college of the future, in which all alumni have an interest as strong as our own, we have a right to ask and to expect their coöperation. We have a right to believe that they, as well as undergraduates, present and to come, will be ready to give substantial evidence of that devotion to Alma Mater, which is the common pride, as it is the common bond of all Yale men. We have a right to point to the "college fund" of each graduating class at Harvard, and to ask if nothing like it is possible for Yale?

OH that I had for a moment the pen of Coleridge and might fitly apostrophize this last-born offspring of the campus. Not in the early hours of the dawn would I salute thee, as did he Mount Blanc, but simply turn aside from the path of devotion on one of these frequent mornings when New Haven spreads her drizzling mists about, and with the organ pealing forth its matin anthem, my hymn should rise to thee—

Hast thou a twig to catch the driving mist,
So long it seems to hang round thy bald leafless head,
Oh, sapling elm! Around thee and above is thick
Substantial fog—methinks thou piercest it as with a wedge.—

The ringing bell cuts short the measures of my verse, but do thou grow on, little foundling; thou art now all too young and thy leafless, twigless trunk is scarce a thing of beauty, but a pleasant life awaits thee here in this favored

corner of the earth, where one day thou shalt stretch thy graceful, drooping arms in shelter of the Truth. And many things thou hast to see and hear, when the robins and wrens sing love-lays in thy branches and the erring ball makes havoc among thy slender twigs. In those days they shall put a girdle of tar about thee and adorn thy graceful trunk with many-colored placards, and at the full of every moon thou shalt wear—oh joy unspeakable—the poster of this same LIT. that now makes light of thee. And in the sifted sunlight beneath thee shall sit our grandchildren, may be, and idly con their tasks. Aye, grow on, and to the brave young oak that stands beside thee, stretch out thy winning arms and make his gnarled heart thine own. Among the stern old trees that stand about, ye two alone are young and happy. Thou shalt be his lovely, drooping bride, and in the long summer days ye two can whisper back and forth and with rustling arms caress each other. For the sun will shine as bright then as now, and the breezes blow as gently, and we—where shall we be then? We may gather around thee now and sing in mockery, but in the end I believe thou hast the best of us.

THE complaint is often made both in and out of college, recurs in fact with a certain indefinite periodicity in the columns of this magazine, that there is a deplorable dearth of literary taste in college. Our western friends throw it in our teeth that we are all brawn and no brain, and if it be true as they say, our lot is indeed a sorry one; with brain all gone and brawn at the low discount of the last year or two, there is hardly a straw left to keep us above water. Now in all these reproaches there is undoubtedly some little truth. The number of those in college who do any great amount of reading is not very large, and fewer still are they whose reading amounts to much from a literary point of view. Not but that there is some, perhaps a good deal of such reading, but not as much as might naturally be expected. If we have an

hour to spare now and then, when there is no one around to gossip with—for it must be admitted that the amount of gossip in college would shame a New England sewing society—we spend it over the pages of the last novel, “Confidence” it may be or “Moths,” if not worse—the sensational stories of the latest French celebrity. Aside from what is required of us in connection with our studies and college writing, the majority of us do but little thoughtful reading. And it is not strange, perhaps, for when we do get hold of a book that sets us thinking, a poem full of beauty, a delightful biography or a powerful work of fiction, our thoughts, however bright and original they may be, are forever shut up within ourselves. Literature is a rare topic in college conversations, and the stimulus that a little interchange of thought would lend, is pretty much wholly wanting. Now the pages of the LIT. are just the medium for this sort of exchange, and we would respectfully call attention to the platform of the magazine inside the cover. The idea seems to be growing of late that no one must write for the LIT. without special solicitation, whereas nothing could be further from the wishes of the editors. Now that the pages of the Portfolio are open, almost any style of contribution may find an appropriate place, and if there were more articles to reject the tone of those accepted would be higher.

PORFOLIO.

— What an insight into character, and what a keen sense of the ludicrous some people possess! We have an old friend whose pithy descriptions of queer people she has met, and funny incidents she has witnessed on the cars are delightfully entertaining. Her power of absorbing all at a glance and storing it away in her brain for future reference used to seem to me little less than miraculous, for I never could imagine anything more absolutely flat and devoid of incident than

a car ride over a road one has traveled scores of times before. But it is a pet idea of mine that there is no one of those qualities commonly called inborn, that may not be acquired by any one at the cost of a little patience and application, and it occurred to me that by writing down during a journey on the cars, each event, no matter how trivial, that came to my notice, I could soon accustom myself to judge of character, and amuse myself into the bargain. So on the last day of one vacation, as I was on my way back to college, I put my idea into practice, and sat down in the car, paper and stylograph in hand, determined to take notes carefully on the living panorama of human character that was passing before my eyes. And here are some of my jottings, although they were never intended for the eyes of the curious public. "Here I am, seated in the cars, speeding back at the terrific rate of twenty miles an hour to college—its duties and pleasures. Lots of queer people in the car: two old farmers over in the corner talking politics. Right in front of me is a woman with a little boy. Little boy is not an interesting subject, spends his time in staring at vacancy with open mouth. Girl right behind me, wonder if she is pretty. Am going to look.—Pshaw! sold again, she is horribly ugly. There is another opposite, who evidently thinks, by the way she looks, that I am a *Herald* reporter. Ah! here is a couple that promises to be more interesting. A *distingué* looking lady with one of the prettiest little girls I ever saw. Her name is Flossie. Flossie is a little witch. There she goes down the aisle, distributing smiles and candy with great impartiality. Now she gives some to the little boy, who looks a little more vacant than ever, if that be possible. "Flossie! come here!" In a twinkling Flossie's curly head is on her mamma's shoulder and she is kicking up her little red-stockinged legs in a highly reprehensible manner. How easy it is to read character after all. I can see at a glance that her mother is a person of culture. Now a big, coarse, sandy-whiskered man has just come in. What! He has taken Flossie into his lap and she is hugging him with all her small might. He can't be her father! Yes, he is handing a paper to the lady—horror of horrors! It is the *Police Gazette!*" At this sudden tumble of the "cultured lady" from her lofty throne in my imagination, I know not what I should have done, but luckily just

then, the harbor with its distant light-house swung into view through the car window. The brakeman sung out "New Haven" and I made a hasty bolt for the door. Suffice it to say that my first attempt at character reading was also my last.

— My chum came into the room the other day with a savage expression on his face not unmixed with a sort of sadness, which spoke to me pretty plainly, and I gathered from it that he had flunked. "What's the matter," said I, "didn't you get through all right to-day?" "No," said he, "I could not have made a worse failure if I had tried, and yet I knew the lesson perfectly, excepting the very part I was called up on. It's always my luck." Such remarks I had often heard before, and I suppose every one who has been at school or college has heard them or even made use of them. There was nothing new in them, but that evening they set me to thinking what a queer thing a recitation is. We go into a room, a crowd of mere machines, wound up automatons. No distinction is made between one and another. I am called up on a certain passage. What I say gives me some sort of a mark for what I know of the whole lesson. The lessons are given out according to what an average man could be expected to learn. The studies are arranged according to what an average educated man should be expected to know. Everything is done by average, as of course it must be where a great many men are assembled for one purpose. No individuality can flourish in a recitation room. It is repressed by the great average system. It is sunk and lost in the crowd; and it is one of the great draw-backs of a college education that a man's own tendencies, his peculiar excellencies are submerged and kept under by its system. Perhaps it's a bad thing and perhaps not, but it struck me that it is a strange life to lead, that of the class room, and were it not for an optional what slaves to average should we become.

— Would that we could follow all the good advice that we receive, or would that we could even appreciate its excellence. And by good advice I don't mean any of those set lectures in which we are now and then the culprits, but those little hints which are thrown out unintentionally and which more than half the time we would find applicable

to ourselves if we but tried to fit them. Advice of that sort has a charm which adds to it a weight and force that demands attention whether we will or no. Now, no doubt, pretty Miss M—— meant nothing personal when one day she gave me a long harangue on stability of character. We had just laid aside Matthew Arnold's poems, which as a general rule I can't abide. It may be bad taste, uncultivated and everything barbarous, but I think the trouble is, I am too matter-of-fact for poetry and it takes too much work to get it through my head. However, some parts I do like, and we had just finished one of those. It was a short piece on "Self-dependence," and I remarked on it to Miss M——, and said that I liked it. "Yes," said she, "it is suggestive of so much truth. Now, you men at college—" "Now, Miss M——," said I, "please don't speak of 'you men at college.' You always pick them out as special marks for your sharpest speeches, and if you say anything more about them, I shall find it necessary to retaliate." "Well then," she continued, "you young men in general are so regardful of what other people are doing or saying or thinking, and act accordingly, instead of going on with your own business, with your own ideas. A thinks what he supposes B thinks; A does what he supposes C would do in those circumstances; while on the other hand B and C are putting themselves out in the same way as regards A. I don't believe any one of you has the least speck of independence, and the consequence is, that you all hang to each other as a spider hangs to a ceiling, so that the least disturbance could make a separation. You are unable to fly at will wherever you please, either each on his own track, or all together with common purpose." "Well, Miss M——," said I, "you may call us spiders, if you like, but I have a more exalted idea of man than that." "You know," continued she, in her positive little way which doesn't brook being made fun of, and generally carries its point, "You know that I am right. You all depend upon each other for your opinions, and if any one of you holds any idea contrary to the majority, he is afraid to assert it. You know that anyone who does assert an opinion of his own, though he is at first listened to, is in the end laughed at. Now isn't that so? You are very few of you what is described in that little

piece that you so admire." And here she read simply and unaffectedly the verse :

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy."

Of course she couldn't have meant anything personal, and yet I thought afterwards that there was at least some truth, though it might be old, in her sweeping statements, and that I came in for some share of her rebuke.

— In one of those odd moments, which, by the way, are much too few, when I had nothing to do, I picked up a small book called "Jeux D'esprit," which one may see by the title was just suited to fill up an odd moment. Among the sayings, whose authorship was attributed to all the actors, wits, humorists, and what-not of England and France and some of America, I amused myself for some time, and soon got over the feeling of dumpiness which I had at first. Human nature ran through the whole book. That fondness for retort and retaliation, which no one is without, could be seen at every paragraph. Indeed, in many there was little else but retort. The wit was what anyone might have thought of, and the remarks were ill-natured and sharp. "You mean, you were ill-natured," I am prompted to say. Not at all, I was struck by the number of times when men seemed to think themselves obliged to keep up their reputation for wit, and to give back a reply full of bitterness, to some harmless being, which would bring him a laugh, and its victim only discomfort. But for all that I enjoyed the moments of leisure and perhaps after all it was my fault that the replies of Jerrold or Jekyll or the hundred others seemed ill-natured and unnecessary.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

April, robbed of the joys of Easter, and possessed of the cutting winds and chill rains that belong to March, has been a dull month. Our record is a brief one. In

Base Ball

The season was opened on the 7th by a victory over the league team of Worcester. The day was cold and highly unfavorable for a fine fielding display. The heavy batting of Yale was the signal feature. Keenan, a professional, caught, as Watson's hands were out of condition.

YALE							WORCESTER.							
A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Hutchison, S.	4	2	I	I	0	I	Stovey, a.	4	I	I	I	IO	I	0
Parker, c.	4	I	I	2	0	0	Richmond, m.	4	I	I	I	0	0	0
Lamb, p.	3	I	I	4	0	9	Knight, r.	4	2	2	5	0	I	0
Walden, b.	4	I	2	2	I	I	Whitney, c.	4	I	0	0	I	I	I
Hopkins, a.	4	2	3	3	3	0	Irwin, s.	3	I	I	2	2	4	3
Watson, h.	4	I	2	2	I	I	Bushong, h.	3	I	I	I	5	I	5
Camp, l.	4	I	2	2	I	I	Nichols, p.	3	0	2	2	0	6	I
Clark, m.	3	I	I	2	I	0	Muldoon, b.	3	0	0	0	0	3	0
Keenan, h.	3	I	I	2	10	I	Gafney, l.	3	0	0	0	0	0	2
	33	II	12	18	18	13	31	7	8	12	18	17	12	
Innings,			I		2									
Yale,	.	.	0		5									
Worcester,	.	.	0		0									
					3									
						0								
						4								

Earned runs—Yale, 4; Worcester, 1. Two-base hits—Parker, Clark, Keenan, Irwin, Knight. Three-base hits—Knight. Home runs—Lamb. 1st base on errors—Yale, 5; Worcester, 7. Struck out—Yale, 3; Worcester, 8. Wild pitches—Yale, 3; Worcester, 1.

In the second game of the series on the 14th, Yale was out-played both in the field and at the bat.

YALE.							WORCESTER.							
A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Hutchison, S.	4	0	0	0	0	2	2	Stovey, m.	5	I	0	0	I	0
Parker, c.	4	0	0	0	I	I	I	Wood, l.	4	2	2	3	3	0
Lamb, p.	4	I	I	I	I	4	2	Knight, r.	4	2	3	6	0	0
Walden, b.	4	0	0	0	4	5	0	Bennet, h.	4	I	2	2	5	I
Camp, l.	4	0	I	I	2	0	I	Whitney, c.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Hopkins, a.	3	0	I	I	9	0	I	Sullivan, a.	3	0	I	I	12	I
Watson, h.	3	0	I	I	4	5	I	Irwin, s.	4	I	0	0	I	7
Clark, m.	3	0	I	I	I	0	O	Creamer, b.	4	0	I	I	5	3
Platt, r.	3	0	I	I	2	I	3	Nichols, p.	4	0	I	I	0	5
	32	I	6	6	24	18	II		36	7	10	14	27	19

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale, .	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Worcester, .	0	0	3	1	0	0	3	0	0—7

Earned runs—Yale, 1. Two-base hits—Knight, Wood. Three-base hits—Knight. 1st base on balls—Yale, 0; Worcester, 1. 1st base on errors—Yale, 1; Worcester, 6; Struck out—Yale, 3; Worcester, 4. Balls called—on Lamb, 90; on Nichols, 99. Strikes called—on Lamb, 22; on Nichols, 7. Struck at and missed—Yale, 22; Worcester, 24. Double plays—Hutchison, Walden, and Hopkins. Passed balls—Watson, 1; Bennett, 3. Wild pitches—Lamb, 1.

The third match, arranged for Saturday, the 17th, was interrupted by rain after one inning's play. Good weather, however favored the first game of the Albany series on the 21st, in which loose play in the field was again compensated for by brilliant batting, which won a handsome victory.

YALE.										ALBANY.												
A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.									
Hutchison, s.	6	2	2	4	1	2	1	Dorgan, r.	5	2	1	1	0	0	0							
Parker, c.	6	0	4	4	2	2	0	Pike, m. and p.	5	1	2	5	0	0	2							
Lamb, p.	5	2	2	3	0	11	4	Tobin, a.	5	1	0	0	11	0	1							
Badger, b.	4	2	2	2	0	3	0	Burke, c.	5	1	2	2	4	0	1							
Camp, l.	4	0	1	1	3	0	0	Fulmer, b.	5	1	2	2	3	1	2							
Hopkins, a.	4	0	2	2	12	0	1	Say, s.	4	0	0	0	2	8	1							
Watson, h.	5	2	0	0	6	5	2	Morrisey, l.	4	0	1	1	3	0	1							
Clark, m.	5	3	4	5	2	0	0	Keenan, h.	4	0	0	0	4	1	2							
Platt, r.	5	1	2	3	1	0	0	Critchley, p.	4	0	0	0	0	7	4							
	—	—	—	—	—	—	8		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	41	6	8	11	27	17	14
	44	12	19	24	27	23																

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale, .	0	1	0	0	2	2	2	0	5—12
Albany, .	3	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	0—6

Earned runs—Yale, 4; Albany, 1. Two-base hits—Lamb, Clark, Platt. Three-base hits—Hutchison, Pike. 1st base on balls—Yale, 6; Albany, 2 1st base on errors—Yale, 10; Albany, 7. Struck out—Yale, 2; Albany, 10. Balls called—Critchley, 155; Lamb, 109.

Boating.

The month has seen but a continuation of the steady, quiet work of the winter. The crew has not yet been definitely chosen and will not be announced for some days. Difficulties which had arisen in regard to the maintenance of a mess-table have been satisfactorily adjusted through the generosity of alumni; the services of Mr. Frederick Wood have been secured as permanent coach, and a steam launch has been promised for May. In short, everything is being done that can be done to put Yale to the front in the great athletic event of the year. On the 16th appeared the list of

Townsend Speakers,

Whose names and subjects in the order of speaking are as follows: W. M. Hall, Ashfield, Mass., "Altruism; or, True Self-Sacrifice." D. Y. Campbell, Oakland, Cal., "Richard Cobden." J. A. Amundson, Rochester, Minn., "Human Happiness as affected by the Progress of Learning." E. M. Bentley, Ellenville, N. Y., "Altruism; or, True Self-Sacrifice." A. B. Nichols, New Haven, "The Relations of Art to Religion in Ancient and in Modern Times." E. P. Noyes, Wilmington, Mass., "Richard Cobden."

Items.

A. E. Bostwick, W. J. Brewster, and F. H. Tichenor have been chosen as the class picture committee by the juniors.—E. W. Knevals, '80, P. G. Bartlett, and Sherman Evarts, '81, are the delegates from the Beta Chapter to the *Ψ. Υ.* convention at Ann Arbor, May 26 and 27.—Prof. A. M. Wheeler has been chosen referee of the Yale-Harvard race.—A largely attended praise service was held in Battell Chapel, Sunday evening, April 18th.—Tutor Robbins has offered to the freshmen an optional course of lectures on the Constitution of the United States.—The freshman nine will be made up from the following men: Billings, Chamberlain, Helleberg, McKee, Slocum, A. Smith, Stone, Thorn, Yates. Substitutes: Jennings and Frost.—Campaign Committees have been chosen in the freshman societies as follows: Sigma Eps.: C. S. Foote, Pres.; C. Burr, Bissell, Colgate, Corwith, Husted, Johnston, F. J. Phelps, Trumbull, Woodward. Delta Kappa: Parrot, Pres.; Cromwell, Grubb, Hower, R. C. Rogers, Southworth, Strong, Thacher, Trowbridge, Young. Gamma Nu: Latham, Pres.; Bowers, Bowman, Esselstyn, Hoadley, Kelsey, Loughridge, Read, Richardson, Stevens.

BOOK NOTICES.

Captain Fracasse. By Théophile Gautier. Leisure Hour Series. New York : Henry Holt & Co. Illustrations by Doré. Price \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

The Captain is introduced to us among the "creepy" shadows of an old château ; he meets a charming face, and follows it up to the Paris of Louis XIII—always the same Paris, filled with riotous gayety ; he goes through his duels with courage, and pays his devoirs with dignity, and at last retires to the notes of "Hymen, O Hymenæ." The plot takes us into the company of all sorts of people and throws light into many unknown and therefore interesting corners of the French life of the 17th century. We rest in the generous old inn and listen to the fire roaring up the great chimney ; we stroll along beside the rickety wain of a company of wandering actors ; we enter "The Crowned Radish" and watch the street ruffians drink the night away. There are some people here not to be forgotten : Matamoro, first cousin to the lamented Don Quixote de la Mancha ; Lampourde, the most gentlemanly of ruffians ; Chiquita, the little girl who dreamed of bloody heads. There is to be remembered also Beelzebub, the abbreviated cat, to have seen whom might have made Poe dream dreams. The Château de la Misère is a dainty bit of description. No other old ruin ever had such grumbling hinges, such strangely rustling tapestries, such frowning ancestral portraits. The hero has a somewhat restless sword, and the discovery at the end seems superfluous ; but we can pardon everything for the sake of the vivacity and sparkle that enliven every page. The style is inimitable. The Captain is worth meeting more than once.

The Early Renaissance. Two lectures delivered at the Yale Art School, January 14th and 21st, by James M. Hoppin, Professor of the History of Art. New Haven : Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor.

Every reader possesses some sort of a mental picture of the Renaissance, but few men have a very definite conception of the time which preceded it. The author takes us into the old Italian churches where we watch the slow growth of those paintings which were afterwards the subjects of study for the young Santi and Buonarotti, men who were to go far beyond their illustrious teachers. He tells us again the story of the Gates of Ghiberti and the Dome of Brunelleschi, and adds greatly to the interest of the narrative by giving a few graceful quotations from his own Italian journal. The book entirely accomplishes its purpose : it gives us a lasting impression of this transition period—of all times the most difficult to describe. The statements of historical fact are put in the most attractive manner, and there are no technicalities to embarrass the ordinary reader.

Young Mrs. Jardine. By the author of "John Halifax." New York : Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Illustrated. Cloth. Price \$1.25.

There is a class of later-day fiction differing from the old-style novels in this, that instead of presenting a panorama of startling situations interwoven with wonderful ingenuity, it simply selects a few incidents, usually quite ordinary and untheatrical, and from what a few persons do in these circumstances describes for each of them a definite and appreciable character. By constantly conversing with a man on every conceivable topic, and marking the expression of his face, the tone of his voice and the substance of his replies, we after a time come to know him as he is. Roderick Jardine is pretty thoroughly put to the tongue test, and we get to recognize in him a

man of worth, who in spite of unpropitious surroundings in youth, has learned to set the true value on noble womanhood. His wife, who manages to look pretty notwithstanding her short hair, proves herself deserving of the good impression she first gives. The story of the lives of these two young people contains nothing unusual, but is not for that reason uninteresting.

Thanksgiving and other Poems. By Agatha. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

The author evidently enjoys "life in the open air," and it is in out-of-door description that she is most at home. The love poems are weak and artificial. Some of the subjects are quite attractive, but the execution is lame and the verse often runs into jingle. The best thing in the book is a translation of Theuriet's "Kingfisher."

Democracy. An American Novel. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

Mrs. Lee is a fascinating young woman who is curious to find out how the machinery of government is run. She goes to Washington—and finds out. When "American Notes" was published there arose a howl of dissent, long and loud; for the author was prejudiced. But there is nothing to be said when an American, evidently familiar with his subject, draws an unfavorable sketch of our political life. Perhaps, after all, the picture is unpleasant because it is too near the truth. The book cannot fail to interest every American.

Card Essays, Clay's Decisions, and Card-Table Talk. By "Cavendish." Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

The first part of the book is curious, the second valuable, and the third deeply interesting. It will be appreciated less by tyros at the King of Card Games than by those who have passed their apprenticeship in the mechanical part of the game, and have come to understand where the true fascination in Whist lies. The man who has an unconscious habit of looking over his neighbor's hand now and then, the man who plays a "bluff game" at Whist as he does at Poker, the partner who says: "If you had played so-and-so, we might have saved the game," the by-stander who always volunteers assistance, and all the other bores of the table, will possibly fail to catch the point of the capital hits made here and there. The last portion of the book contains a large number of anecdotes, which have the merit of being new, and also the author's Whist score for eighteen years. He is constantly appealed to on card matters by persons wholly unknown to him. "Some of the questions are very droll. The following, from a lady in the country, came to hand about Christmas, 1877:—'May tee-totalers join in the game of snap-dragon?'"

Free Land and Free Trade. By Samuel S. Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25. For sale at Judd's.

The argument of the book is naturally an appeal to history, to plain facts and figures. The history of the English Corn Laws from 1360 to 1846, and of the English and Irish land systems, and the later history of free trade in England and protection in the United States, furnish the data from which the author draws his conclusions. The pages are plentifully supplied with statistics, boiled down into small space, and arranged to meet the interest and memory of the reader. The present situation in Ireland receives due attention. The remedies suggested are: "First, the abolition of primogeniture; second, rigid restrictions on the custom of land settlements; third,

security for improvements; fourth, cheap and safe methods of real estate conveyances." "Let the land be free, and Ireland will have entered the race for rivalship with the richest countries of the earth."

To be noticed in the next number:—

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat. With a preface and notes by her grandson, Paul de Rémusat, Senator. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and John Lillie. One volume. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Judd.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It becomes often the somewhat unpleasant duty of the exchange editor to notice the weak, as well as the strong things among the exchanges which come to him from month to month, and if in our editorial jousting we shall chance to break lances with some good knight of our own persuasion, let him remember that the field of "black on white ground" is always open to him. But we do not apprehend any trouble. Our efforts shall be in the direction of maintaining a sound and pure college journalism, and we have never seen why an exchange editor on assuming his duties need cease to be a gentleman. So, good friends, one and all, we welcome you. We shall become better acquainted with one another before very long, and may possibly learn to respect one another more.

There is a huge pile of parti-colored exchanges on the table before us, and from it we select the *Nassau Lit.* Somewhat injured in form by the unfortunate disposition of its "ads.," it is nevertheless worth a careful perusal. The leader with an appalling title, "The Caesar of the Neo-Caesareans" is a well written article dealing with a theme rarely attempted among college men.

We opened the *Oberlin Review*, but finding on the first page a poem by "Jennie Juniper" and an essay on "Milton's Satan," we were overpowered, and shut it up again. However we recovered, and gained strength to read the article on "Satan," until we came to the following gem: "Milton's age rested under a cloud of evil. Rushing up, he sought to dispel it, or escape its darkness." We pondered a long time as to who did the "rushing up," and at first decided it must be the "age," and that the latter rushed up to the cloud and sought to dispel it, but afterwards concluded that the cloud rushed up to the age and—but then came in the difficulty of disposing of Milton, and we gave it up.

From the *Vassar Miscellany* we clip the last four stanzas of a poem which has no title:

"Death, and do you then hold revel
In the pale and silent moon?
Do you cast your dread spells earthward
With the light whose half is gloom?"

Is it fear that makes the ocean
Follow still your least behest ?
Dash its tides against the headlands
Or lie hushed in perfect rest ?

Pale and wan must be the dwellers
On that barren, sea-less shore,
Where the ocean never murmurs,
Where his surges never roar ;
Ghostly glide they down the moonbeams,
Laying on the fevered brain
Of the lunatic, cold fingers,
Sending frenzy through each vein.

Silence ! Silence ! O, degrade not
Thus the solemn mystery !
Death is but the gloomy portal
To the dread eternity.
Need of no such terrors hath he,
For he leads to the unknown ;
Yet within that dreary shade-land,
Somewhere shines the heavenly throne.

But the lighthouse lamps are waning,
And the moon sinks toward the west,
And the troubled sea is heaving,
With a sense of vague unrest.
In the east a faint, white glimmer,
Seems to herald in the morn,
And a pale, grey mist ariseth,
Like a sigh to heaven upborne.

Either the spring weather or the recent athletic meeting must have had a bad effect upon the Harvard mind, as the papers for this month are hardly up to their usual standard, if we may except the *Harvard Register*, which, whether it be a representative paper or not, certainly contains a great deal of interesting information about the University and its ways.

As for the other papers, from the *Acta Columbiana* down to the *Georgetown College Journal*, we shall pass them by this month, not so much because there is nothing in them as because the exertion of searching for the grain of wheat is a somewhat stupendous undertaking, which we have no liking for.

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to]

APRIL, 1880.

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